

Robert Louis Stevenson
[and] Fanny Osbourne

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

R 5495
H8
opy 1



A Love-Story With a Charm All Its Own
A Tribute to a Woman That Is a Classic

HOME, labor and laughter are expressions of **HEALTH PLUS**.

GOOD HEALTH is the sequence of proper **NOURISHMENT**.

PROPER NOURISHMENT does not imply "course dinners" or condiments of foreign accent—these are attributes of the "white lights."

PROPER NOURISHMENT for men and women who work—have things to do—mental or physical—is the wholesome, simple, honest food such as our mothers or grandmothers prepared before the days of "substitutes."

THE HARTFORD LUNCH specializes in **OLD-FASHIONED HOME COOKING—NEW ENGLAND STYLE**.

FRESH FRUITS AND BERRIES in their season with **REAL LARD** and **BUTTER** for pies and pastries.

OLD-FASHIONED "DOUGHNUTS" with the hole where it ought to be.

PUDDINGS, rich with **MILK** and **EGGS**—**BREAD** and **ROLLS** raised with yeast in the **OLD-FASHIONED WAY**.

It is in our **BAKERY** that we express our art and efficiency. We are **PURE-FOOD SPECIALISTS**, catering to people who like and appreciate our **OLD-FASHIONED** products under up-to-date methods.

Our success is the proof of our assertions.

The thousands we feed daily are our testimonials.

Get the **HARTFORD LUNCH HABIT**—it's sanitary and sane.

*FRANK B. WILLARD,
President Hartford Lunch Co.*

An old man's face — to be honest

Robert Louis Stevenson
.. and ..

Fanny Osbourne

By ELBERT HUBBARD

A Love-Story with
a charm all
its own

A Tribute to a
Woman that is a
Classic

Published by THE HARTFORD LUNCH COMPANY, NEW YORK, AND PRINTED BY THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

PR 5495
H8

Copyright, 1916,
By The Roycrofters

Gift

Mrs. Opal L. Kunz
Sept. 13 1934

FOREWORD

ALTHOUGH Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and died in the South Sea island of Samoa, he belongs peculiarly to America. Here it was that he first gained recognition as a writer of the first rank, and in the hearts of Americans his name will ever hold first place as the apostle of cheerfulness. He will ever be remembered as the most beloved writer of his age, which he did so much to cheer and stimulate by his example •••

As a story-teller, Stevenson stands supreme. Who does not read with quickening heart-beat of *Kidnapped*, *Treasure Island*, and *David Balfour*—not to mention the weird *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, the whimsical *Silverado Squatters*, the ringing challenge of *Father Damien*, the

deliciously quaint *Will o' the Mill*, and
the noble *Vailima Prayers* ?

I offer no apology therefore in presenting
for this month's *Hartford* the story of
Stevenson's love for Fanny Osbourne, as
told by that incomparable delineator of
character—Elbert Hubbard. It is such a
tale as will move you, as it has me, to
smiles and tears and a higher apprecia-
tion of that eloquent truth : " Love is all.
I say unto you that no man hath power
to overestimate the importance of Love."

—F. B. Willard.

ROBERT LOUIS ■■ STEVENSON ■■



OBERT LOUIS was an only son, and was alternately disciplined and humored, as only sons usually are. His father was a civil engineer in the employ of the Northern Lights Company, and it was his business to build and inspect lighthouses. At his office used to congregate a motley collection of lighthouse-keepers, retired sea-captains, mates out of a job—and with these sad dogs of the sea little Robert used to make close and confidential friendships.

The boy was flat-chested and spindleshanked and used to bank on his physical

*If you have not lunched at the "HARTFORD"
you have missed something worth while.*

HARTFORD LUNCH COMPANY

weakness when lessons were to be evaded.

¶ He was two years at the Edinburgh Academy, where he reduced the cutting of lectures and recitations to a system, and substituted Dumas and Scott for the more learned men who prepared books for the sole purpose of confounding boys •••

As for making an engineer of the young man, the stern, practical father grew utterly discouraged when he saw mathematics shelved for Smollett. Robert was then put to studying law with a worthy barrister. Law is business, and to suppose that a young man who religiously spent his month's allowance the day it was received, could make a success at the bar shows the vain delusion that often fills the parental head.

Stevenson's essay, *A Defense of Idlers*, shows how no time is actually lost, not even that which is idled away. But this

is a point that is very hard to explain to ambitious parents.

At twenty-three Robert Louis sold an essay for two pounds, and referred gaily to himself as "one of the most popular and successful essayists in Great Britain." He was still a child in spirit, dependent upon others for support. He looked like a girl with his big wide-open eyes and long hair. As for society, in the society sense, he abhorred it and would have despised it if he had despised anything. The soft platitudes of people who win distinction by being nothing, doing nothing, and saying nothing except what has been said before, moved him to mocking mirth. From childhood he was a society rebel •• He wore his hair long, because society men had theirs cut close. His short velvet coat, negligee shirt and wide-awake hat were worn for no better reason. His long cloak gave him a look of haunting

mystery, and made one think of a stage hero or a robber you read of in books. Motives are mixed, and foolish folks who ask questions about why certain men do certain things, do not know that certain men do certain things because they wish to, and leave to others the explanation of the whyness of the wherefore.

People who always dress, talk and act alike do so for certain reasons well understood, but the man who does differently from the mass is not so easy to analyze and formulate.

The feminine quality in Robert Louis' nature shows itself in that he fled the company of women, and with them held no converse if he could help it. He never wrote a love-story, and once told Crockett that if he ever dared write one it would be just like *The Lilac Sunbonnet*.

Yet it will not do to call Stevenson effeminate, even if he was feminine. He

had a courage that outmatched his physique. Once in a cafe in France, a Frenchman remarked that the English were a nation of cowards. The words had scarcely passed his lips before Robert Louis flung the back of his hand in the Frenchman's face. Friends interposed, and cards were passed, but the fire-eating Frenchman did not call for his revenge or apology—much to the relief of Robert Louis ~~so~~ ~~so~~

In his twenty-fourth year Robert Louis discovered a copy of *Leaves of Grass*, and he and his cousin Bob reveled in what they called "a genuine book." They heard that Michael Rossetti was to give a lecture on Whitman in a certain drawing-room. They attended, without invitation, and walked in coatless, just as they had heard that Walt Whitman appeared at the Astor House in New York, when he went by appointment to

meet Emerson. After hearing Rossetti discuss Whitman they got the virus fixed in their systems.

They walked up Princess Street in their shirt-sleeves, and saw fair ladies blush and look the other way. Next they tried sleeveless jerseys for street wear, and speculated as to how much clothing they would have to abjure before women would entirely cease to look at them •

THE hectic flush was upon the cheek of Robert Louis, and people said he was distinguished. "Death admires me, even if publishers do not," he declared. ¶ The doctors ordered him South and he seized upon the suggestion and wrote *Ordered South*—and started, along with Cousin Bob.

The young men got accommodations at "Siron's." This was an inn for artists—artists of slender means—and the patrons

at Siron's held that all genuine artists had slender means. The rate was five francs a day for everything, with a modest pro-rata charge for breakage. The rules were not strict, which prompted Robert Louis to write the great line, "When formal manners are laid aside, true courtesy is the more rigidly exacted." Siron's was an inn, but it was really much more like an exclusive club, for if the boarders objected to any particular arrival, two days was the outside limit of his stay. Buttinsky the bounder was interviewed and the early coach took the objectionable one away forever.

And yet no artist was ever sent away from Siron's—no matter how bad his work or how threadbare his clothes—if he was a worker; if he really tried to express beauty, all of his eccentricities were pardoned and his pot-boiling granted absolution. But the would-be Bohemian,

or the man who was in search of a thrill, or if in any manner the party on probation suggested that Madame Siron was not a perfect cook and Monsieur Siron was not a genuine grand duke in disguise, he was interviewed by Bailley Bodmer, the local headsman of the clan, and plainly told that escape lay in flight • There were several Americans at Siron's, Whistler among them, and yet Americans as a class were voted objectionable, unless they were artists, or perchance would-bes who supplied unconscious entertainment by an excess of boasting. ¶ Women, unless accompanied by a certified male escort, were not desired under any circumstances. And so matters stood when the "two Stensons"—the average Frenchman could not say Stevenson—were respectively Exalted Ruler and Chief Councilor of Siron's.

At that time one must remember that the

landlady and the chambermaid might be allowed to mince across the stage, but men took the leading parts in life.

The cousins had been away on a three-day tramping tour through the forest. When they returned they were duly informed that something terrible had occurred—a woman had arrived—an American woman with a daughter aged, say, fourteen, and a son twelve. They had paid a month in advance and were duly installed by Siron. Siron was summoned and threatened with deposition. The poor man shrugged his shoulders in hopeless despair. Mon Dieu ! how could he help it—the “Stensons” were not at hand to look after their duties—the woman had paid for accommodations, and money in an art colony was none too common ! ~~so~~ ~~so~~

But Bailley Bodmer—had he, too, been derelict ? Bailley appeared, his boasted

courage limp, his prowess pricked. He asked to have a man pointed out—any two or three men—and he would see that the early stage should not go away empty. But a woman, a woman in half-mourning, was different, and beside, this was a different woman. She was an American, of course, but probably against her will. Her name was Osbourne and she was from San Francisco. She spoke good French and was an artist.

One of the Stevensons sneezed ; the other took a lofty and supercilious attitude of indifference ~~so~~ ~~so~~

It was tacitly admitted that the woman should be allowed to remain, her presence being a reminder to Siron of remissness, and to Bailley of cowardice.

So the matter rested, the Siron Club being in temporary disgrace, the unpleasant feature too distasteful even to discuss ~~so~~ ~~so~~

As the days passed, however, it was discovered that Mrs. Osbourne did not make any demands upon the Club. She kept her own counsel, rose early and worked late, and her son and daughter were well behaved and inclined to be industrious in their studies and sketching.

One day it was discovered that Robert Louis had gotten lunch from the Siron kitchen and was leading the Osbourne family on a little excursion to the wood back of Rosa Bonheur's.

Self-appointed scouts who happened to be sketching over that way came back and reported that Mrs. Osbourne was seen painting, while Robert Louis sat on a rock near by and told pirate tales to Lloyd, the twelve-year-old boy.

A week later Robert Louis had one of his "bad spells," and he told Bob to send for Mrs. Osbourne.

Nobody laughed after this. It was silently

and unanimously voted that Mrs. Osbourne was a good fellow, and soon she was enjoying all the benefits of the Siron Club. When a frivolous member suggested that it be called the Siren Club he was met by an oppressive stillness and black looks.

Mrs. Osbourne was educated, amiable, witty and wise. She evidently knew humanity, and was on good terms with sorrow, although sorrow never subdued her ; what her history was nobody sought to inquire. When she sketched, Robert Louis told pirate stories to Lloyd.

The Siron Club took on a degree of sanity that it had not known before. Little entertainments were given where Mrs. Osbourne read to the company from an unknown American poet, Joaquin Miller by name, and Bob expounded Walt Whitman ~~so~~ ~~so~~

The Americans as a people evidently
16

Supplying the CHOICEST FOOD at moderate prices is human service.

HARTFORD LUNCH COMPANY

were not wholly bad—at least there was hope for them.

Bob began to tire of Barbizon, and finally went back to Edinburgh alone. Arriving there he had to explain why Robert Louis did not come, too. Robert Louis had met an American woman, and they seemed to like each other.

The parents of Robert Louis did not laugh—they were grieved. Their son, who had always kept himself clear from feminine entanglements, was madly, insanely in love with a woman, the mother of two grown-up children, and a married woman and an American at that—it was too much!

Just how they expostulated and how much will never be known. They declined to go over to France and see her, and they declined to have her come to see them—a thing Mrs. Osbourne probably would not have done at that time, anyway.

But there was a comfort in this : their son was in much better health, and several of his articles had been accepted by the London magazines.

So three months went by, and suddenly and without notice Robert Louis appeared at home, and in good spirits.

As for Mrs. Osbourne, she had sailed for America with her two children. The elder Stevensons breathed more freely.

ON August Tenth, Eighteen Hundred Seventy-nine, Robert Louis sailed from Glasgow for New York on the steamship *Devonia*. It was a sudden move, taken without consent of his parents or kinsmen. The young man wrote a letter to his father, mailing it at the dock. When the missive reached the father's hands, that worthy gentleman was unspeakably shocked and terribly grieved. He made frantic attempts to

reach the ship before it had passed out of the Clyde and rounded into the North Sea, but it was too late.

He then sent two telegrams to the Port of Londonderry, one to Louis begging him to return at once as his mother was very sick, and the other message to the captain of the ship ordering him to put the wilful son ashore bag and baggage.

¶ The things we do when fear and haste are at the helm are usually wrong, and certainly do not mirror our better selves. However, children do not live with their forebears for nothing—they know their parents just as well as their parents know them. Robert Louis reasoned that it was quite as probable that his father lied as that his mother was sick. He yielded to the stronger attraction—and stuck to the ship.

He was sailing to America because he had received word that Fanny Osbourne

was very ill. Half a world divided them, but attraction to lovers is in inverse ratio to the square of the distance.

He must go to her !

She was sick and in distress. He must go to her.

The appeals of his parents—even their dire displeasure—the ridicule of relatives, all were as naught. He had some Scotch obstinacy of his own. Every fiber of his being yearned for her. She needed him.

He was going to her !

Of course his action in thus sailing away to a strange land alone was a shock to his parents. He was a man in years, but they regarded him as but a child, as indeed he was. He had never earned his own living. He was frail in body, idle, erratic, peculiar. His flashing wit and subtle insight into the heart of things were quite beyond his parents—in this he was a stranger to them. Their religion to him

was gently amusing and he congratulated himself on not having inherited it. He had a pride too, but Graham Balfour says it was French pride, not the Scotch brand. His own velvet jacket and marvelous manifestations in neckties added interest to the show. And that he admired his own languorous ways there is no doubt. His *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, he declared in sober earnest in which was concealed a half-smile, was autobiography. And this is true, for all good things that every writer writes are a self-confession.

Stevenson was a hundred men in one and "his years were anything from sixteen to eighty," says Lloyd Osbourne in his *Memoirs*. ¶ But when a letter came from San Francisco saying Fanny Osbourne was sick, all of that dilatory, procrastinating, gently trifling quality went out of his soul and he was possessed by one idea—he must go to her !

*Do not underestimate the LUNCH BUSINESS.
To feed thousands daily, as does the "HARTFORD," is a man's job.*

HARTFORD LUNCH COMPANY

The captain of the ship had no authority to follow the order of an unknown person and put him ashore, so the telegram was given to the man to whom it referred. He read the message, smiled dreamily, tore it into bits and dropped it on the tide. And the ship turned her prow toward America and sailed away.

So this was the man who had no firmness, no decision, no will! ¶ Aye, heretofore he had only lacked a motive.

Now love supplied it.

ROBERT LOUIS was a sick man. The ship was crowded, and the fare and quarters were far from being what he always had been used to. The people he met in the second cabin were neither literary nor artistic, but some of them had right generous hearts.

On being interrogated by one of his messmates as to his business, Robert Louis

replied that he was a stone-mason. The man looked at his long, slim, artistic fingers and knew better, but he did not laugh. He respected this young man with the hectic flush, reverenced his secret whatever it might be, and smuggled delicacies from the cook's galley for the alleged stone-mason. "Thus did he shovel coals of fire on my head until to ease my heart I called him aft one moonlight night and told him I was no stone-mason, and begged him to forgive me for having sought to deceive one of God's own gentlemen."

Meantime, every day our emigrant turned out a little good copy, and this made life endurable, for was it not Robert Louis himself who gave us this immortal line, "I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work."

He was going to her.

Arriving in New York he straightway

invested two good dollars in a telegram to San Francisco, and five cents in postage on a letter to Edinburgh.

These two things done he would take time to rest up for a few days in New York. One of the passengers had given him the address of a plain and respectable tavern, where an honest laborer of scanty purse could find food and lodging. This was Number Ten West Street.

Robert Louis dare not trust himself to the regular transfer-company, so he listened to the siren song of the owner of a one-horse express-wagon, who explained that the distance to Number Ten West Street was something to be dreaded, and that five dollars for the passenger and his two tin boxes was like doing the work for nothing.

The money was paid; the boxes were loaded into the wagon, and Robert Louis seated upon one of them, with a horse-

blanket around him, in the midst of a pouring rain, the driver cracked his whip and started away. He drove three blocks to starboard and one to port, and backed up in front of Number Ten West Street, which proved to be almost directly across the street from the place where the *Devonia* was docked. But strangers in a strange country can not argue—they can only submit.

The landlord looked over the new arrival from behind the bar, and then through a little window called for his wife to come in from the kitchen.

The appearance of the dripping emigrant who insisted in answer to their questions that he was not sick, and that he needed nothing, made an appeal to the mother-heart of this wife of an Irish saloonkeeper.

¶ Straightway she got dry clothes from her husband's wardrobe for the poor man, and insisted that he should at once go to

his room and change the wet garments for the dry ones. She then prepared him supper, which he ate in the kitchen, and choked for gratitude when this middle-aged, stout and illiterate woman poured his tea and called him "dear heart."

¶ She asked him where he was going and what he was going to do. He dare not repeat the story that he was a stonemason—the woman knew he was some sort of a superior being, and his answer that he was going out West to make his fortune was met by the Irish-like response, "And may the Holy Mother grant that ye find it."

It is very curious how gentle and beautiful souls find other gentle and beautiful souls, even in barrooms and among the lowly—I really do not understand it! • In his book Robert Louis paid the landlord of Number Ten West Street such a heartfelt compliment that the traditions

still invest the place, and the present landlord is not forgetful that his predecessor once entertained an angel unawares. When the literary pilgrim enters the door, scrapes his feet on the sanded floor, and says "Robert Louis Stevenson," the barkeeper and loafers straighten up and endeavor to put on the pose and manner of gentlemen, and all the courtesy, kindness and consideration they can muster are yours.

The man who could redeem a West Street barkeeper and glorify a dock saloon must have been a remarkable personality • To get properly keelhauled for his overland emigrant passage across the continent, Robert Louis remained in New York three days. The kind landlady packed a big basket of food—not exactly the kind to tempt the appetite of an invalid, but all flavored with good-will—and she also at the last moment pre-

sented a pillow in a new calico pillowcase that has been accurately described, and the journey began.

There was no sleeping-car for the author of *A Lodging for the Night*. He sat bolt upright and held tired babies on his knees, or tumbled into a seat and wooed the drowsy god. The third night out he tried sleeping flat on the floor in the aisle of the car until the brakeman ordered him up, and then two men proposed to fight the officious brakeman if he did not leave the man alone. To save a riot Robert Louis agreed to obey the rules. It was a ten-day trip across the continent, filled with discomforts that would have tried the constitution of a strong man. Robert Louis arrived "bilgy" as he expressed it, but alive.

Mrs. Osbourne was better. The day she received the telegram was the turning-point in her case. The doctor perceived

that his treatment was along the right line, and ordered the medicine continued.

¶ She was too ill to see Robert Louis—it was not necessary, anyway. He was near and this was enough. She began to gain •••

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON and Fanny Osbourne were married May Tenth, Eighteen Hundred Eighty.

The Silverado Squatters shows how to spend a honeymoon in a miner's deserted cabin, a thousand miles from nowhere. The Osbourne children were almost grown, and were at that censorious age when the average youngster feels himself capable of taking mental and moral charge of his parents. But these children were different; then, they had a different mother, and as for Robert Louis, he was certainly a different proposition from that ever evolved from creation's matrix.

He belongs to no class, evades the label, and fits into no pigeonhole. The children never called him "father": he was always "Louis"—simply one of them. He married the family and they married him. He had captured their hearts in France by his story-telling, his flute-playing and his skilful talent with the jackknife. Now he was with them for all time, and he was theirs. It was the most natural thing in the world.

Mrs. Stevenson was the exact opposite of her husband in most things. She was quick, practical, accurate and had a manual dexterity in a housekeeping way beyond the lot of most women. With all his half-invalid, languid, dilettante ways, Robert Louis adored the man or woman who could do things. Perhaps this was why his heart went out to those who go down to the sea in ships—the folk whose work is founded not on theories but on

absolute mathematical laws. ¶ In their fourteen years of married life, Robert Louis never tired of watching Fanny at her housekeeping. "To see her turn the flapjacks by a simple twist of the wrist is a delight not soon to be forgotten, and my joy is to see her hanging clothes on the line in a high wind."

The folks at home labored under the hallucination that Robert Louis had married "a native Californian," and to them a "native" meant a half-breed Indian. The fact was that Fanny was born in Indiana, but this explanation only deepened the suspicion, for surely people who lived in Indiana are Indians, any one would know that! Cousin Robert made apologies and explanations, although none were needed, and placed himself under the ban of suspicion of being in league to protect Robert Louis, for the fact that the boys had always

been quite willing to lie for each other had been well known.

Mrs. Stevenson made good all that Robert Louis lacked. In physique she was small, but sturdy and strong. Mentally she was very practical, very sensible, very patient. Then she had wit, insight, sympathy and that fluidity of spirit which belongs only to the Elect Few, who know that nothing really matters much either way. Such a person does not contradict, set folks straight as to dates, and shake the red flag of wordy warfare, even in the interests of truth.

Then keeping house on Silverado Hill was only playing "keep-house," and the way all hands entered into the game made it the genuine thing. People who keep house in earnest or do anything else in dead earnest are serious but not sincere. Sincere people are those who can laugh—even laugh at themselves—and thus are

they saved from ossification of the heart and fatty degeneration of the cerebrum. The Puritans forgot how to play, otherwise they would never have hanged the witches or gone after the Quakers with fetters and handcuffs. Uric acid and crystals in the blood are bad things, but they are worse when they get into the soul ~~so~~ ~~so~~

That most delightful story of *Treasure Island* was begun as a tale told round the evening campfire for Lloyd Osbourne. Then the hearers begged that it be written out, and so it was begun, one chapter a day. As fast as a chapter was written it was read in the evening to an audience that hung on every word, and speculated as to what the characters would do next. All applauded, all criticized, all made suggestions as to what was "true"—that is to say, as to what the parties actually did and said. *Treasure*

You can enter the HARTFORD LUNCH with a different feeling than entering a cheap restaurant or a cheap lunch-room.

HARTFORD LUNCH COMPANY

Island is the best story of adventure ever written, and if anybody knows a better recipe for story-writing than the plan of writing just for fun, for some one else, it has not yet been discovered.

The miracle is that Robert Louis the Scotchman should have been so perfectly understood and appreciated by this little family from the other side of the world. The Englishman coming to America speaks a different language from ours—his allusions, symbols, aphorisms belong to another sphere. He does not understand us, nor we him. But Robert Louis Stevenson and Fanny Osbourne must have been “universals,” for they never really had to get acquainted: they loved the same things, spoke a common language, and best of all recognized that what we call “life” is n’t life at the last, and that an anxious stirring, clutching for place, self and power is not nearly as

good in results as to play the flute, tell stories and keep house just for fun &c

ABOVE all men in the realm of letters Robert Louis had that peculiar and divine thing called "charm." To know him was to love him, and those who did not love him did not know him. This welling grace of spirit was also the possession of his wife.

In his married life Stevenson was always the lover, never the loved. The habit of his mind was shown in these lines :

TO MY WIFE

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble dew,
Steel true and blade straight,
The Great Artisan made my mate.

Honor, courage, valor, fire,
A love that life could never tire,

35

With all our gettings let us get busy—help ourselves by helping each other.

HARTFORD LUNCH COMPANY

Death quench nor evil stir,
The Mighty Master gave to her.

Teacher, pupil, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul free,
The August Father gave to me.

Stevenson was once asked by a mousing astrologer to state the date of his birth. Robert Louis looked at his wife soberly and slowly answered, "May Tenth, Eighteen Hundred Eighty." And not a smile crossed the countenance of either. Each understood.

That the nature of Stevenson was buoyed up, spiritualized, encouraged and given strength by his marriage, no quibbler has ever breathed the ghost of a doubt. His wife supplied him the mothering care that gave his spirit wing. He loved her children as his own, and they

reciprocated the affection in a way that embalms their names in amber forevermore ~~so~~ ~~so~~

When Robert Louis, after a hemorrhage, sat propped up in bed, forbidden to speak, he wrote on a pad with pencil: "Mr. Dumbleigh presents his compliments and praises God that he is sick so he has to be cared for by two tender, loving fairies. Was ever a man so blest?"

¶ Again he begins the day by inditing a poem, "To the bare, brown feet of my wife and daughter dear." And this, be it remembered, was after the bare, brown feet had been running errands for him for thirteen years. And think you that women so loved, and by such a man, would not fetch and carry and run and find their highest joy in ministering to him? If he were thrice blest in having them, as he continually avowed, how about them? It only takes a small dole of

love when fused with loyalty to win the abject, doglike devotion of a good woman. On the day of his death Stevenson said to his wife, " You have already given me fourteen years of life." And this is the world's verdict—fourteen years of life and love, and without these fourteen years the name and fame of Robert Louis Stevenson were writ in water ; with them " R. L. S." has been cut deep in the granite of time, but better still, the gentle spirit of Stevenson lives again in the common heart of the world in lives made better •••

SHOULD you be interested in our booklets, fill in this blank and hand it to the Counterman or mail it to our office—364 West 50th Street, New York City. This will place your name upon our mailing list and assure you a booklet by mail every little while as published.

Hartford Lunch Company

Name.....

Street.....

City

Have you read "Wu Ting-Fang" by the late Elbert Hubbard? A card to our office, 364 West 50th St., will bring you one.

HARTFORD LUNCH COMPANY

"Yankee Donuts"

HE doughnuts served by us have perhaps done as much to spread the fame of Hartford Lunches as any other one thing. Our doughnuts are light, puffy, rich and deliciously toothsome, because they are made from a recipe which brings out all the latent qualities of the ingredients. Their goodness is due to the purity and wholesomeness of the materials used — this alone is the secret of their excellence.

¶ But the proper blending of even the best ingredients is an art in itself, an art hitherto possessed only by a New England couple, who baked in their own home for us this incomparable comestible. Their facilities, however, were inadequate to the demand, and so we just took over their process and are now making these delectable doughnuts under their supervision, and paying them a royalty on every doughnut we make.

¶ So this, then, dear reader, is to say that we are now in position to supply "Yankee Donuts" in any quantity, for home consumption. Just ask the Counterman to fix you up a dozen or two. They're, oh, so good!

HARTFORD LUNCH COMPANY

Luck is like a lightning-rod — it can not hold what it catches.—Kaufman.

HARTFORD LUNCH COMPANY

LOCATIONS

1544 Broadway
1939 Broadway
2232 Broadway
2375 Broadway
2837 Broadway
3381 Broadway
3772 Broadway
122 West 42nd Street
984 Eighth Avenue
530 Willis Avenue (Bronx)
612 West 181st Street
79 West 23rd Street
40 East 23rd Street
127 Lenox Avenue
Printing Crafts Building
Eighth Avenue and 33rd St.

Offices and Bakery
360-364 West 50th Street
NEW YORK

0 014 525 549 1



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON